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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, October 19, 1973

The war goes on



הכרזת המלח

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WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT WENT WRONG?

Lea Ben Dor



Rav Aluf David Elazar during press conference.

manpower is superior. To most this seemed a pointless warning, seeing that Israel manpower was, in fact, superior. It seems a pity that the warning was not taken more seriously on all sides.

IF OVER-CONFIDENCE was one element in the miscalculating of evidence, Sadat no doubt contributed to it by crying "Wolf!" so often. The year 1971 was to be the year of decision, and he made himself a laughing stock by repeating his threats noisily at a time when he was incapable of carrying them out. Who was to believe him after so many false alarms? Not even the BBC, always vaguely hopeful that Israel will be punished at long last for proving it a liar so often. Sadat was a fool, knowledgeable people said, who disappeared into a cinema with his family every time there was a crisis brewing. A good way to stay alive in Egypt, perhaps. For almost two years he threatened war Mondays and Thursdays, as the Yiddish saying goes. It will not be long before even this is built up as a deliberate and inspired bit of misinformation, but that is eyewitness too.

He did not plan this war carefully for three years, keeping his intentions a dead secret from all, even King Hussein. For most of the time since 1967 he hoped that foreign powers could be persuaded to get back for him what Nasser lost in his great gamble. After the cease-fire of 1970 he might have had the Canal back, and enough territory in Sinai to make its operation possible. But the truth was that he was not concerned about the Canal as long as one or other of the oil-rich Arab states would give him the money to carry on. What he wanted was a restoration of Egyptian military prestige. He knew there was no danger to Egypt. But it is a country still fired by the Nasserist ambition to gain the leadership of the Arab world by destroying Israel. When he brusquely brushed off Libyan desires for union a few months ago, it was read in Israel as reluctance to be pushed into war by the volatile Gaddafi. With the benefit of hindsight we may assume that it was done because Sadat wanted to run the war in his own way, with an obsequious Syria ready to do the hardest fighting.

The truth is that Sadat was no great strategist, no great planner who contrived to organize in secret for three years. He hoped to win without a war, and when this hope faded knew he had to take the risk or be destroyed by the military machine he had helped build. He cannot cry "Wolf!" forever with impunity. Nasser could lose three wars and be received with passionate cheers, but not Sadat, who sounded in Tuesday's speech as though he had been frightened by his own courage. He is unlikely to survive an Egyptian defeat as president, if at all.

WOULD IT have made a difference if Israel had snatched the initiative at the last moment? Probably not. You cannot surprise SAM missiles or overrun missile defences. Neither the Egyptian nor the Syrian air forces are the real threat today, and even if they had once been destroyed it would not have made much difference: they have not been greatly in evidence.

Three or four months ago, most people would have guessed that Egyptian military organization was not up to getting 400 tanks across the Canal in a night, nor of laying water and fuel pipe lines in such a way that they could be operated satisfactorily. Perhaps the Russian instructors were more efficient, less contemptuous, than we believed. We believed the anti-aircraft missiles were not properly maintained and out of action, and the Egyptian troops incompetent. We have paid dearly for this mistake in terms of lives. The whole of Israel was party to the error, hawks, doves and all; we would not let the army believe otherwise.

THE END of the war was not in sight on Wednesday, when this section of the paper was prepared. President Sadat of Egypt had just proved that he has learnt that it does not serve his purpose to threaten the total destruction of Israel or say he will push the Israelis into the sea, as Nasser did. He did not sound confident of the ability of the joint Arab armies to inflict defeat on Israel, only hopeful of mobilising the oil-hungry powers into squeezing Israel into a full withdrawal. After that the next round, of which Arab commentators are speaking so confidently, could be launched more conveniently and with better hope of success. This time it is no blitzkrieg. Progress is slow and there are set-backs but there is now again full confidence in the conduct of the war. That was not so in the first weeks of the war, when some crucial questions were asked and there were no answers.

WERE WE taken by surprise? Was our intelligence less reliable than on earlier occasions? Dr. Kissinger has said, almost defensively, that Israel insisted there was no immediate threat until a few hours before the shooting began. There are other indications that on Thursday, less than two days before the attack was actually launched, a qualified Israeli source judged that the several troop concentrations — Egyptian behind the Canal, and Syrian in the area between Damascus and the Golan Heights — were experimental, part of a large-scale manoeuvre, but not likely to lead to an immediate confrontation. But a possibility was certainly being weighed.

There was no decision to call up reserves and there may even have been a deliberate decision not to call up reserves in order to avoid escalation of an already dangerous situation. Some men about to go home for Yom Kippur were ordered to remain in their units. No tanks were moved up to the thinly manned front line on the Suez Canal, where the look-outs sat in the isolated fortifications of the Bar-Lev Line. If the movement observed on the other side of the Canal had in fact been manoeuvres the appearance of columns of tanks might easily have sparked a conflict. As things developed, it will have to be admitted that this front line was overrun by a huge Egyptian force. There were casualties and men were taken prisoner. It may have been a calculated risk, taken in the hope of fending off the war, but it was so reluctant to pre-empt.

There was, in fact, no lack of evidence that the Egyptians were preparing something out of the ordinary. There was no lack of intelligence submitted on this score. This was reviewed against the background of Egyptian diplomatic moves — unsuccessful in the Western world, but almost triumphant in the Arab states. One source says that they might have included the fact that Sadat recently prayed for victory against Israel, and not rain for Egypt.

According to reliable reports at the time, the Egyptian army command was afraid to tell Nasser that their air force had been destroyed on the ground by well-briefed Israeli pilots, and the result was demoralization at all levels. Now, as in 1967, we have seen street scenes from Cairo of great cheering throngs celebrating victory before it is gained. (In 1967, before we had television, I saw the scenes on a screen in Tahrir and they were horrifying, with gloating crowds applauding effigies of Israel leaders hanged in the streets.)

AS YOU go east from Europe, individualism is less prized and developed, for better or worse. China can collectivize more successfully than Russia. Egyptian officers cannot — or could not in 1967 — fight a successful defensive action after an initial shattering defeat. That takes courage in each man separately, away from the comforting crowd. They proved far more capable than expected in crossing the Canal in great force: it remains to be seen

how well they will stand up to the systematic war of attrition that has now been launched against them. In defeat the Egyptians were pitiful. In 1965, their soldiers left behind little villages of boots, because they could escape fuster barefooted. Since then they have studied Soviet tactics. At the beginning of World War II the Germans cut through Russia like a knife. The Russians studied the situation and judged that their relatively unmechanized army personnel could win against the technically superior Germans only through weight of numbers and armour. They have faithfully passed on this doctrine to the Egyptians. For every tank that gets stuck there is a new tank, brought in short order by ship from Odessa. For every plane that falls there is a new plane, as long as the crew is still there. At intervals over the past two or three years, Defence Minister Moshe Dayan has observed that it should be considered that the enormous preponderance of arms of the Arab states creates a danger, even if Israel



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The role and responsibility of the Artist

MY NAME IS ASHER LEV by Chaim Potok. Penguin Paperback. 320 pp. 40 p.

Dan Vogel

THIS NOVEL is more significant for its implications than for its story. But that is true of Potok's first two novels, "The Chosen" and "The Promise," as well. Their interest does not lie in the story-telling or in characterization, which have the virtue of simplicity. Nor does interest depend on Potok's style, which has been criticized for its colourlessness. People remember his books for their notoriety — and I mean the word in the favourable sense of shocking the world with good purpose.

Potok has the courage to write stories about Orthodox Jews, a breed that nearly all other Jewish writers in America have either devoted (like Weidman and Fruchter), or treated with quaint significance (Malcolm and Singer), or largely ignored (Lewisohn to Hellow). Like them, he revolves his stories around the central conflict in American-Jewish fiction: the inherited ethos of the shtetl versus the sense of emancipation in modern American society. But he does so in his own way. He transcends sex, assimilation, intermarriage, and other tired symbols of alienation that appear in dozens of other "Jewish" novels.

THE PLOT OF "THE CHOSEN" deals with the way the Talmud ought to be studied in this day and age — by the traditional exegetical method, or by the historical, critical method. And Potok successfully makes this problem, of all things, have an effect upon a couple of teenage boys growing up in America. "The Promise" presents the conflict in more modern terms. More mature students now, the heroes of the earlier book are involved with Talmudic life and learning versus new disciplines of intellect, especially the field of psychology. In "My Name is Asher Lev," Potok pushes the confrontation still further, this time using a most modern theme, one that has surfaced in literature since the age of the Romantics: the role and responsibility of the artist.

Asher Lev is a Jewish Stephen Dedalus, and Potok's story is a portrait of the Jewish artist as a young man. Asher is a boy born into the Lubavitch Hassidic community of Brooklyn, thinly veiled in the book as the "Ladover" (shades of Ladi, where the founder of Habad-Lubavitch Hassidism, Rabbi Shneur Zalman, originated). He early discovers his remarkable gift for drawing. It is a gift of God and cannot be denied, as the mind of the shtetl, the Talmudic prodigy, cannot be denied.

Placing both on the same high plane is, of course, the crux of the novel. For nearly everyone in the community, Asher's inability to apply himself to Tora study and his uncontrollable desire only to make pictures — on the pages of a Humash (Pentateuch) yet! — brand him as a sinner and time-waster. Even his father cannot really understand his son's compulsion. But his mother does. The suffering she undergoes in her attempts to mediate between father and son, to fulfill her duty to her husband's vision of their son and to their son's artistic genius, has a most important effect on Asher.

One other member of the community understands the boy — the Rebbe himself. The Rebbe puts him into the hands of a non-Jew (but not anti-Jewish) religious painter (whose real-life prototype is apparently the late sculptor Jacques Lifschitz), hoping that



what will turn out will be an artist who is devoted to God and Tora. Whether he succeeds or not, is a problem. For Asher Lev, who becomes a famous artist, paints as crucified on the cross of her suffering. The Rebbe exiles Asher to the Ladover branch in Paris, where such things are better understood.

THE STYLE OF "MY NAME IS ASHER LEV" is English-as-a-foreign-language simple; the first half of the book is delectably repetitious, and the rest merely slow. But Rivkeh Lev impaled upon the cross: how many currents of shock, how many sparks of questions rate background. He said that was pointed to a totally different direction.

that as far as this book is concerned, but Rivkeh Lev on the cross suggests a larger question about American-Jewish writing: Does the artist have a responsibility to anyone or anything except his own ability and the fellowship of art? Has not history devolved upon the Jewish artist a greater responsibility toward his fellow Jews than a Gentile artist toward his community?

PHILIP ROTH IS A FAMOUS case in point. Some 10 years ago his stories about Jewish schmoos brought forth in the columns of "Commentary" magazine a battle of letters, that lasted for months, about the harm that Roth had done to the Jewish community. In his article "Writing about Jews" and in the 1963 American-Israel Dialogue in Jerusalem, Roth stated his position: he is not interested in being a Jew or a Jewish artist; he wants to be free to follow his artistic bent — that's all.

His artistic bent led him to write about unpalatable Jews as well as to praise worse things to come in American-Jewish writing, in his story "Conversion of the Jew." Here a Jewish boy, made desperate by a tyrannical old-style teacher in a Hebrew school, declares for Jesus. At the 1963 Dialogue, Max Lerner and Leslie Fiedler roundly criticized Roth for not perceiving that the "Jew" and the "Artist" cannot be exclusive. History and Destiny have not allowed us that luxury.

Incidentally, in his latest interviews, Roth has certainly not come around to that viewpoint, but he does admit he now has come to understand the attitude of "the rabbis" 10 years ago. Perhaps the emergence of the Holocaust as a theme in American-Jewish literature, as in Bellow's "Mr. Sammler's Planet" and Elie Wiesel's novels, has drawn Roth from the recesses at least of his ivory tower.

None the less, this body of literature has a plethora of schmooks and other heroes with Christological tendencies. It represents a slavish subservience to a theory of "reality" (read "Horror" on this) taught by French Existentialists, and given form in literature by writers like Fyodor Dostoyevsky, on one end, and Ernest Hemingway on the other, Christians both. It is significant that Hemingway's last hero is an old man bearing a cross-like mast up a hill, and falling under it. Suffering is presumably the only fact of life, crucifixion the only future, and endurance the only heroism. Even Malamud is not free of this influence: his Yakov Bok, "the sinner," is last seen on a Via Dolorosa to an unknown fate (and is his real-history prototype, Mendel Beilias, a Jewish hero?).

If Asher Lev needed a tableau from history on which to base his picture, why wasn't he inspired to paint his mother as a tortured female Abraham called upon by her God-husband to sacrifice her son Asher-Isaac?

BECAUSE APPARENTLY Jewish artists have become embarrassed about authentic Jewish history and have forgotten the true definition of heroism — the representation of one community in the figure of a man who acts on behalf of that community. A man who acts — not a hero by reason of endurance through passivity. This distinction is neither chauvinistic nor immature; it is Ralph Waldo Emerson's in an essay on "Pate" written in the 1850s. Destiny is in the hands of the active hero.

Not even the exploits of Israel seem to have helped to overcome this lack of self-confidence. Jewish fiction constantly implies Ephraim Kishon's famous plea, "Pardon us for winning." No, not even Israel has given us faith in the happy ending of the near-sacrifice of Isaac. We are content with the symbol of the crucifixion.

Only a few Jewish writers have withstood this influence. Notably, Saul Bellow has recognized it and cleared it of it since 1963. Malamud sometimes displays a flash of freedom from it. And Potok, of course, in his earlier novels, has pointed to a totally different direction.

In "Asher Lev," he tries to reconcile the matter. Asher may paint crucifixions, but he remains Jewish. It's a nice argument, glib for the grinding mill of Jews-for-Jews clubs. But I find the reconciliation unconvincing. One cannot separate the Jew from the Artist, in order to reconcile them. One never feels the necessity of Asher's choice. He had the courage to defy Jewish Orthodoxy by his painting; he did not have the courage to defy the history of art. Like so many verbal artists, only his succumbing to the prevailing culture comes through. Thus, Asher Lev may be a hero of Art, but he is no hero among the Jews. I wonder if he is satisfied with his choice.

Dan Vogel, Professor of English at Yeshiva University's Stern College, recently settled in Jerusalem, where he is teaching at the Jerusalem College for Women.

Thoughts on Tora readings

MIN HATORA בן חוריה (From the Torah) by Rabbi Mordechai Hacohen, Jerusalem, Rubin Mass. 5 Vols.—552 pp. with detailed index.

H.E. Blumenthal

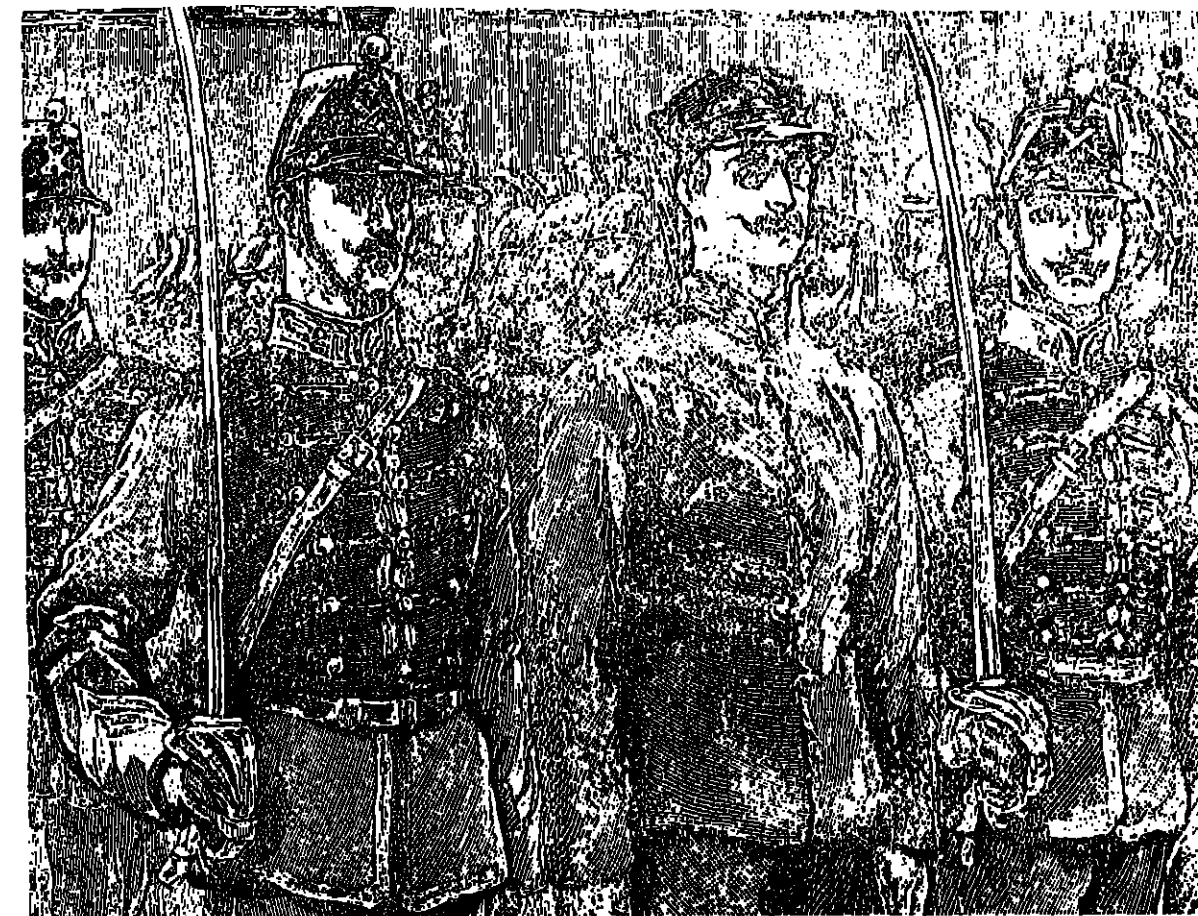
THIS RICH collection of brief Bible commentaries — many drawn from the sources and many of them original — is the posthumous publication of one small part of the rich spiritual-literary legacy of the late Jerusalem scholar, writer and editor. It is a companion work to his previous similar work, "Al Hatorah," which is.

The particular value of these volumes is their variety of content, always expressed in an understandable and at times even humorous language, so as to offer both the scholar and the layman inspiring and challenging thoughts on the weekly Tora readings.

Kiryat Hayovel

Stanley Cooperman

Terraces: angles in the earth, geometry older than the mud that walls hold back, now crowned with Institutes, apartments, children with irresistible schoolbooks held in their claws. Samson? an amateur, dumb and fumbling. Still... his hair blows back from myth and puts down roots, and each root becomes a face, each face a shovel: here men break stones with their tongues. (the donkey in the vineyard is confused and bleats at loosened dirt; a sorcerer in kishish curses the animal turns his plow between the random olive that stumps his ground... buried in rubble, the trees protrude like hands waiting off a blow) Stanley Cooperman is a Canadian poet who recently spent half a year in Israel in a trailer. He has published several volumes of poetry.



Captain Dreyfus, stripped of his rank, being paraded in front of the troops. A contemporary engraving.

Honour and Raison d'Etat

THE DREYFUS CASE: A documentary history by Louis L. Snyder. Rutgers University Press. 414 + XXIII pp. \$17.50.

Israel Margalith

A VOLUMINOUS literature has been published on the subject of the Dreyfus Affair, especially prolific in the last decade, when some of the classified documents started becoming available to historians.

In the work under review, Dr. Louis Snyder, a distinguished historian at the City University of New York and a specialist in modern German history, tries to present the Dreyfus Case in terms of

136 documents set chronologically, jacket. There still remains some enigmatic points to be solved. But the book is a valuable tool for historians and interesting for the general reader.

DR. SNYDER ALSO DESERVES our praise for the excellent selection of contemporaneous photographs, paintings and cartoons, which convey the impassioned temper of the era.

He considers the Dreyfus Affair to be not only a historical lesson in obstinacy and bigotry in the name of "honour" and "raison d'etat", but also a demonstration of "how a small group of honourable men seeking to achieve justice for an individual could triumph over a majority shrieking for vengeance."

Rome revisited

THE ANCIENT ROMANS by Chester G. Starr. Oxford University Press. 256 pp. £3.80 (paperback £1.80).

Jane Fox

Professor Chester G. Starr takes a balanced view of the ancient Romans. In the book under review he surveys their long history for readers who may be completely ignorant of the subject. Chronological events are told with an emphasis on four men: Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Hadrian and Augustine. In addition, there are special essays on such subjects as Roman law and the arts.

When Hannibal was in Italy threatening Rome in the third century B.C.E., Romans were still capable of burying people alive in the forum to propitiate the gods. In spite of the fact that the Roman poet Ennius was horrified at the idea that the Carthaginians practiced human sacrifices.

The Romans already had the concept of citizens having certain rights as well as certain duties. But this is not the same as believing that all people have rights as humans. The four men buried alive in the forum were not Romans. For that matter, Ennius may have been expelled mainly because the Carthaginians were sacrificing "their sons."

ALTHOUGH THE FIRST two centuries of the Roman Empire are generally thought of as peaceful, Jews think of those years in terms of the Destruction, Masada and Bar Kochba. Yet outside Bruts Yisrael, Jews shared the relative peace and prosperity of the empire even during the periods of oppression in this country.

We read history not only to understand how modern institutions developed and to learn how to avoid the mistakes of the past but also to get perspective on ourselves. Modern Israel seems a very political country, with political parties involved even in sports. But consider the correspondence between Pliny the Younger and the Emperor Trajan. Pliny asked permission to form a company of 150 firemen in the city of Nicomedia. Trajan answered that fire companies had elsewhere put out fires but he was elsewhere organizing people for any purpose. "If people assemble for a common purpose, whatever name we give them and for whatever reason,



they soon turn into a political club." Seneca and Juvenal complain of the noise of city life. Juvenal may not have had a bus stop beneath his bedroom window, but "the passage of carriages in the narrow winding streets, and the abuse of the drivers of blocked teams would rob even the heaviest sleeper of sleep."

"The Ancient Romans" is beautiful and pertinently illustrated and has an excellent reading list and a glossary but, unfortunately, no index.

Ellis Island story

STRANGERS AT THE DOOR by Ann Novotny. N.Y., Chatham Press. 160 pp. \$12.50.

Sheldon Kirshner

The happy and powerful do not go into exile — Alexis de Tocqueville.

THE UNHAPPY, the powerless, the oppressed, the poor and the unlucky comprised the bulk of some 20 million immigrants who streamed into the U.S. between 1855 and 1935. The tide of immigration reached a peak in 1907, when 1,285,000 newcomers disembarked at New York City's Ellis Island, the busiest immigrant-receiving station in the country. But only 25 years later, when restrictive immigration laws had already been in force for a number of years, a mere 28,000 immigrants landed in the U.S. "Strangers at the Door," a handsomely illustrated and informative account of the immigration to the U.S. from colonial times to the present day, is written by a free-lance writer who was born in Sweden of Jewish parents and who lived in England and Canada before immigrating to the U.S.

LONG BEFORE rigid, racist immigration laws reduced the flow to a trickle, immigrants were subject to fairly strict medical checks by Government doctors attached to the Ellis Island staff, and over the years thousands were deported due to poor health. Those classed as criminals, prostitutes, polygamists, anarchists and feeble-minded were also turned back.

In the spring of 1891, a comprehensive set of regulations replaced the law of 1882. All immigration was now under Federal jurisdiction. In addition to rejecting aliens who fell into previously established categories of "undesirables," inspectors were to exclude people with prison records for crimes involving "moral turpitude" and all "persons suffering from a loathsome or contagious disease." The fears and suspicions engendered by World War I led to widespread xenophobia, accompanied by racism. In 1915, the year of the re-birth of the Ku Klux Klan, public opinion, though generally opposed to unlimited immigration, was outraged by the lynching of Leo Frank in Georgia — the only Jew who was ever lynched in the U.S. — after he had been arrested on what proved to be a false charge of murdering a Christian girl.

MADISON GRANT, a racist anthropologist whose sole claim to fame was his incredibly popular book, "The Passing of the Great Race," echoed the thoughts of many of his countrymen: "These immigrants adopt the language of the native American, they wear his clothes, they steal his name and they are beginning to take his women, but they seldom adopt his religion or understand his ideals..." Grant was referring to Southern and Eastern Europeans, Asians and Africans, as opposed to Scandinavians, Anglo-Saxons and Germans, who were America's earliest settlers.

In 1917, one year after the publication of Grant's tract, a more restrictive immigration law was passed which stayed on the books until 1952. In 1921, President Harding signed the First Quota Law, which limited the number of immigrants to an annual ceiling of 358,000; but the law was weighted in favour of "older" immigrant groups from England, Scandinavia and Germany.

The Johnson Act was strengthened in 1924, when the basis for the quota was moved back from the population census of 1910 to that of 1890 — cutting still further the percentage of "new" immigrants

(who in 1890 were just starting to arrive). The percentage of admissible immigrants from any nation was reduced from 42,000 under the First Quota Law to a mere 3,800 per year.

THE DECLINING number of immigrants arriving at Ellis Island and other immigrant stations throughout the country — was further reduced after 1929 by the final revision of the so-called "National Origins" system. The maximum number of all admissions was lowered to about 150,000 a year. By the new law's complex calculations (the number of each nationality to be admitted in one year was to bear the same ratio to 150,000 as the number of that national origin in the U.S. in 1920 bore to the total population then). Only about 8,000 Polish immigrants — many of them Jews — could enter in a year, with no more than 2,700 from Russia — but Britain's quota, never filled, was an annual 55,000.

By 1929, when admissions dropped to a low point, immigrants going back to Europe to escape the Depression outnumbered those arriving. In 1933, 127,000 persons left the U.S. while only 23,000 new immigrants arrived. A few years later, when thousands of desperate German Jews sought entry to the U.S., they often found the gates shut.

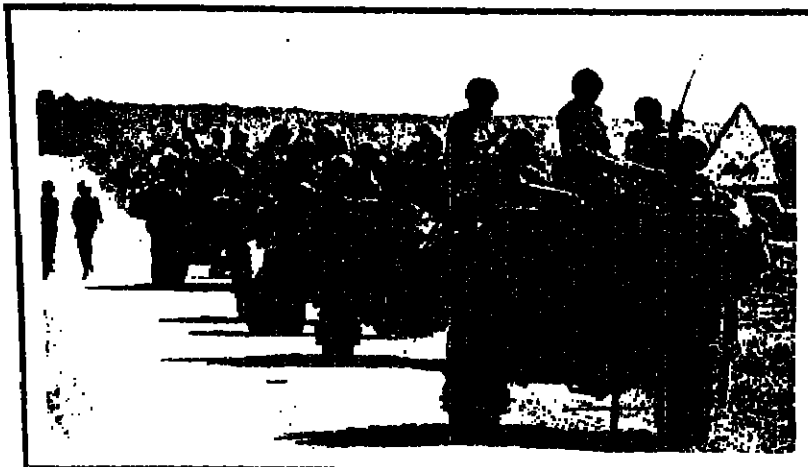
The tide of immigration took an upward turn in 1948, when Congress passed the Displaced Persons Act which permitted the entry of 205,000 victims of World War II. After President Truman's re-election in 1948, Congress passed a liberalized version of the Act, raising the total of admissible refugees to 400,000 per year.

WHAT OF Ellis Island, which was fast becoming a white elephant in the 1950s? In 1954 the activities at Ellis Island were transferred to offices in downtown Manhattan, and in the following year the island was put up for sale. Its aging facilities offered a "perfect location... for oil storage, import and export processing, warehousing, manufacturing, private institutions, etc." None of the 21 bids received was accepted. Those offers ranged from \$201,000 (for a luxury development to include a 600-room hotel) all the way down to five cents (from a Philadelphian who wished to build himself a private mansion from which he could watch the passing ships).

After much discussion in Washington, the island was officially proclaimed (in 1965) a part of the Statue of Liberty National Monument. In the same year, however, 62 Black men from NEGRO (National Economic Growth and Reconstruction Organization) landed on the island, and announced plans to make it into a rehabilitation centre for as many as 7,000 former drug addicts, many of whom were descendants of slaves. The U.S. Government granted NEGRO a five-year permit to use abandoned buildings on the hospital side of the ferry slip.

THE LAST time that Ellis Island came into the public eye was in 1970, when a large group of Indians — America's original settlers — "stormed" the island, hoping to use its discarded facilities as a cultural centre for tribal life and as a training centre where young Indians would learn how to reverse the white man's pollution of air, water and land.

The book under review should be of special interest to newly arrived olim here in Israel, many of whom have experienced the same kind of joy, disillusionment and "culture-shock" which characterized the reactions of millions of hopeful immigrants who made the long and arduous voyage to the Promised Land in the New World.



ON THE GOLAN WAR-TRAIL

Abraham Rabinovich

THE STORY EXISTS at the moment only in the memories of a few hundred men still engaged in battle or recuperating from wounds. It will take shape eventually as one of the most dramatic tales in Israel's wars — the blunting of the Syrian attack on the Golan Heights. For a day and a half, the enormous Syrian tank army thrown across the cease-fire lines at three points on Yom Kippur was met and slowed down by a bravely but small number of men in front-line strongpoints and tank units.

Bits of the story emerge in random conversations as one travels through the North. A middle-aged reservist hitchhiking to visit his wounded son told how the 19-year-old, a lieutenant, had been in command of four tanks when the Syrians struck. He was a tank instructor and his crewmen were the young recruits he had been teaching. A few hours before the Syrian attack, they were moved up to a position just behind the front-line.

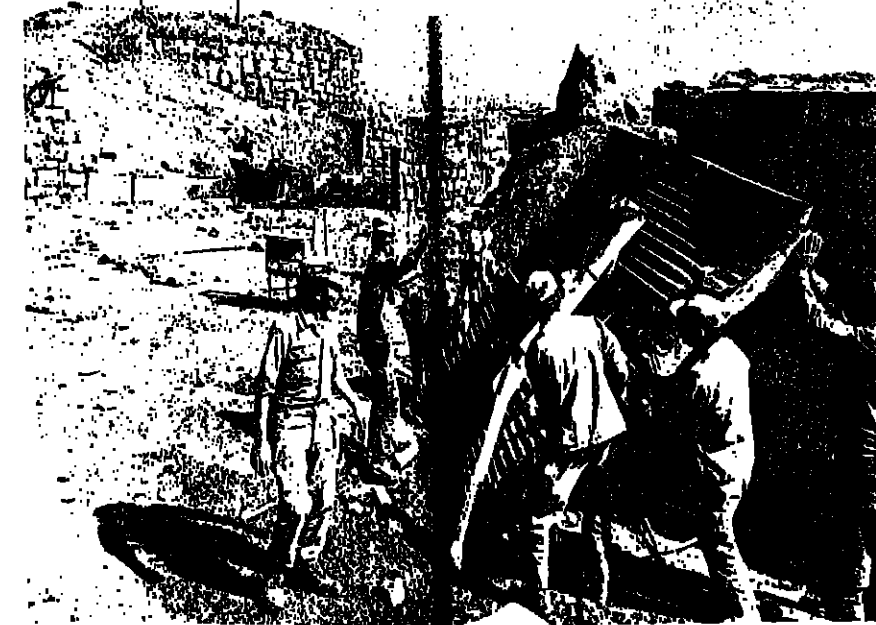
The small unit went to the aid of a front-line position being attacked by a force of Syrian tanks, and had almost destroyed it when enemy tanks in huge numbers appeared on the flanks. "As soon as they hit one Syrian tank, four more appeared."

For a day and a half, the young lieutenant fought a running action, falling back and fighting. When his tank was finally disabled, he made his way down from the Heights to get a new one. He joined in the powerful counter-attack by reserve units that drove the Syrians back behind the cease-fire line. In the final stages of that fight, he was wounded.

"I used to be in Armour myself," said the reservist, a Galilee farmer, "and I asked my son if the Syrians had improved much. He said it wasn't that they were so good, but that



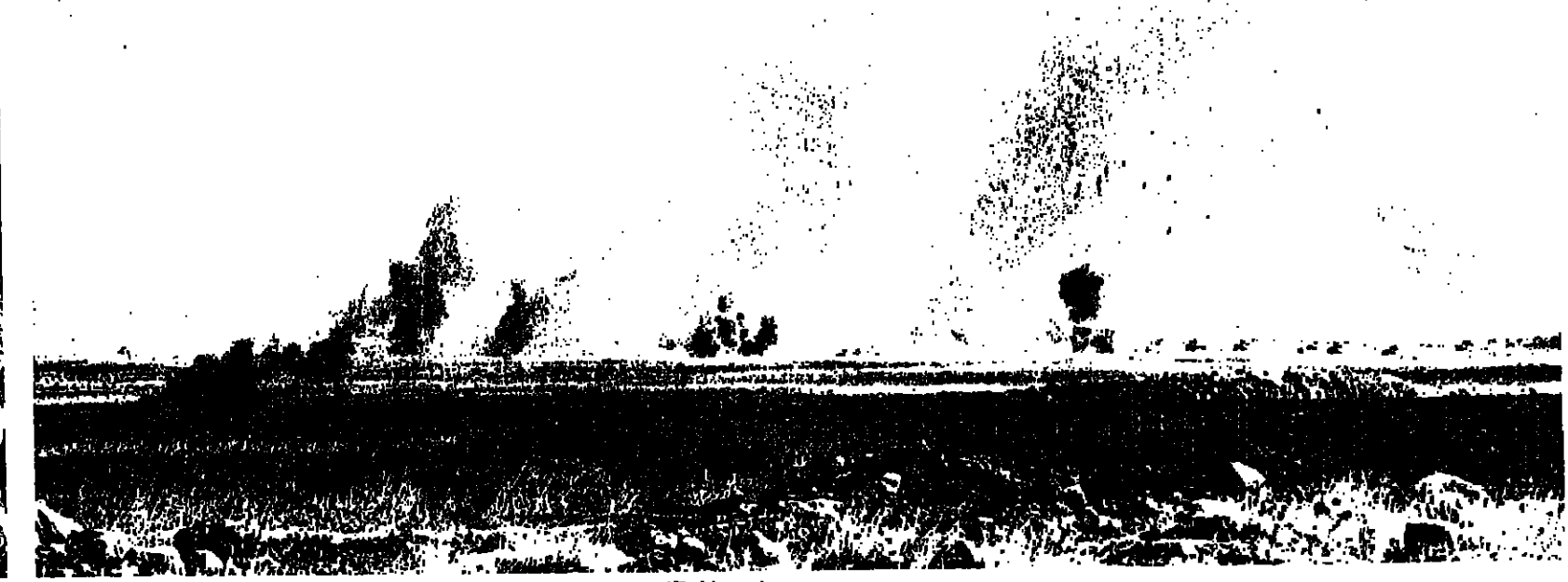
A handy kilometre-stone on the road to Damascus. (Israel Sun)



Former Syrian position, now barbed wire line, is rebuilt. (David Rubinger)



A makeshift bed is pressed into service by infantry soldier. (I.P.P.A.)



Israeli artillery barrages envelop the attacking force. (Rubinger)

there were so many of them."

WHEN THE GOLAN Heights were a battlefield last week, reporters were free to roam it almost at will once they had got through — or around — the military checkpoints on the main roads leading up from the valley. This week, however, there were military policemen at virtually every intersection, checking credentials. The M.P.s also checked all vehicles leaving the Heights for "souvenirs" — particularly shells and other explosives which might prove dangerous.

MEMBERS OF Kibbutz Yiftah, on the Lebanese border, reported this week that just after the war broke out, they went into the shelters when Syrian planes were reported approaching. They could hear bombs exploding but when they emerged to look, they saw that the Syrian planes were pounding the Lebanese village of Bida, across the border, in the apparent belief that it was an Israeli kibbutz.

Lisa is a Polish-born girl whose husband, Shaul, from Baghdad, was sent north following last week's mobilization. When she discovered from a friend after a few days that Shaul was still with a rear unit, Lisa started hitch-hiking north from Jerusalem with their 10-month-old daughter, Galit. She left home and when they reached Haifa, bought her some soup in a restaurant. Mother and baby were picked up as soon as they set foot on a roadside and they were soon at Shaul's camp.

The camp commander, after first telling Lisa that relatives were not permitted to visit, ended up taking her and the baby around the camp in his own vehicle to search for her husband. At her request, Shaul was given a day's leave to drive her and the baby home in the car which he had brought to camp with him.

Lisa reports that the baby did not cry once during the entire outing.

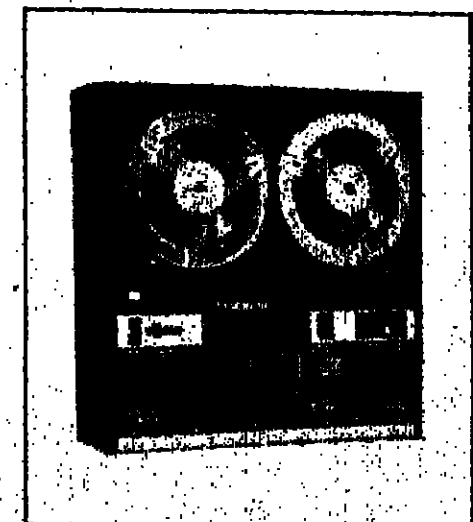


Syrian armor was destroyed or abandoned.

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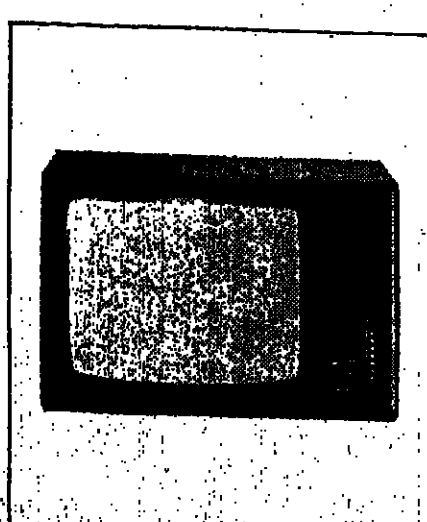
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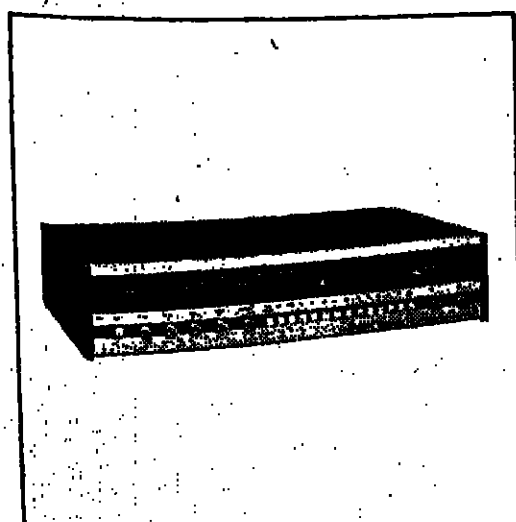
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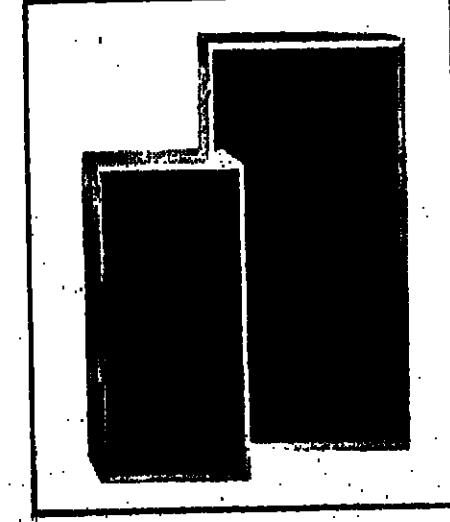
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הכרזת תוצרת

THE VISION of David Ben-Gurion, which was the main factor behind the momentous decision to establish the State of Israel, against all odds, on May 14, 1948, has become part of history; but there are probably very few people who remember the person who, behind the scenes, out of the limelight, and anonymously, did as much as anybody to enable the fledgling Provisional Government of Israel to function physically.

Without the housewifely touch of Aliza Balshann, who knows how the Government would have overcome the tremendous difficulties it faced to establish itself in the chaotic void left by the British as they relinquished their mandate in Palestine that May? The Hagana, turning into the Israel Defence Forces (Zahal), took care of the new state's threatened borders; Mrs. Balshann "took care" of the Government, which had to be established from scratch, during a trying period of shortages and lack of manpower, as every able-bodied man rallied to the defence of the new state.

Mrs. Balshann, now a vivacious 69, was in 1948, a senior employee of the Jewish National Fund, with which she had worked even before she immigrated from Germany. She was "drafted" for the job of making it possible for the new Government to function, with the official title of "Hostess-Housekeeper to the Prime Minister."

She describes her assignment as "formidable." It had been decided that the Provisional Government should be established in the old German colony of Sarona which had served as a British Army headquarters since the Germans were expelled at the start of the Second World War.

"Sarona was then the end of the world for us, far out of Tel Aviv, among orange groves, a typical German village, with a church, a few large and some small houses. The streets were still cobbled and there was no street lighting. A few scraggy trees had remained, but the well-tended German gardens had long since reverted to their original desert state."

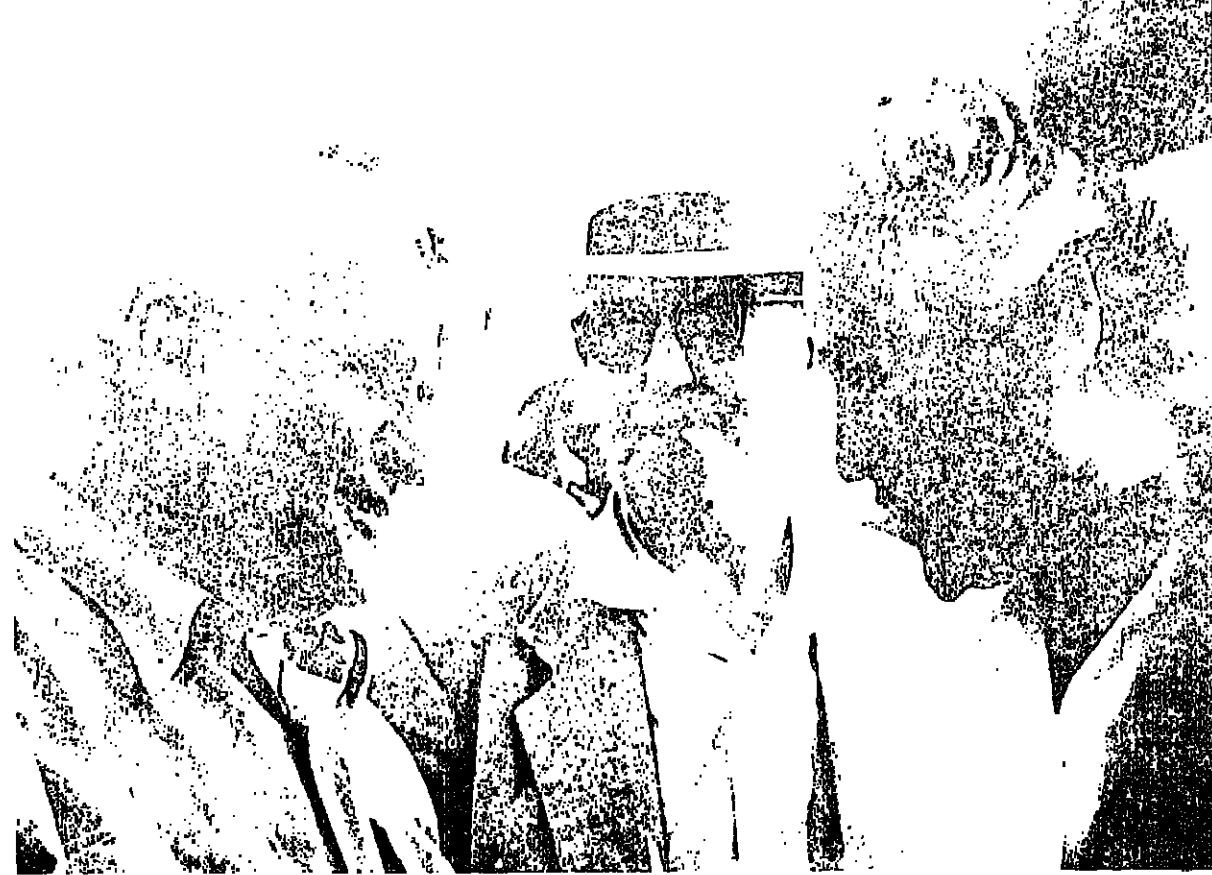
That was what the "advance guard," a handful of people recruited from the pre-state institutions, found on arriving at the old Kirya. Israel's Whitehall. Mrs. Balshann started work on May 21, and was issued Kirya entry permit No. 16, which she still treasures among her mementoes.

"When we moved in we found the houses empty, but dirty and cluttered with trash. There was no water, the electricity and telephone installations had been completely destroyed. The house reserved for Premier Ben-Gurion, where I started my work, was one of the 'luxury' villas in the complex, a two-storey structure, a lot of rooms, all of which we exploited to the last corner for office space, including the kitchen, bathrooms and everything else. But even the Premier's 'office' had no light or phone."

The Jewish Agency, then still situated in Rehov Nahlat Binyamin in Tel Aviv, provided her with a few tables and chairs and a couple of office cupboards. There were no trucks available for civilian purposes, for everything had been pressed into service on the country's various fronts. She overcame the problem by hiring a Salonican carter. Seated beside him behind the horse, the cart crammed with the office furnishings, she rode through Tel Aviv to set up "the Prime Minister's Office."

"It was a wonderful start. The new government officials' at least had some tables on which to put papers and some of them could even sit down. My Salonican carter and I became fast friends, and we were soon a familiar sight in Tel Aviv, clipp-clopping around the various offices scrounging for more things to take off to the Kirya."

IN THE KIRYA, government offices "sprang up like mushrooms."



the feminine touch



Above: Aliza Balshann with David Ben-Gurion. (Below) Independence Day party 1948.

Ya'acov Friedler

The Ministry of Finance became their next door neighbour, a printing press for Israel's first postage stamps was established, and every department had to be furnished somehow or other. The complex became a hive of activity, with every workman too old, or unfit, for army service conscripted to fix the water, electricity and telephones and generally help get the Kirya into working order for the new Government.

"I was perhaps more demanding than most," Mrs. Balshann admitted. "I was responsible for the offices of the Premier, the Foreign Ministry, the Finance Ministry and, later, for the President's official residence, and was determined that they should at least bear a semblance to official government buildings."

Oblivious to the situation on the borders — "The Army was doing its job and I was determined to do mine" — she went about with proper yekke thoroughness ordering curtains and lamps and even getting carpets from the Abandoned Property department.

"I searched the shops and managed to buy a large piece of green baize which I considered indispensable for the Cabinet

Table' in the Premier's office."

Equally indispensable for the proper functioning of a Jewish Government was a constant supply of tea and, miraculously Mrs. Balshann succeeded in equipping every department with an electric samovar.

"At every cabinet meeting, I provided the ministers with tea in my handless glasses and was able also to drum up a small supply of biscuits to go with it. The biscuits were a prize possession in those days of shortages of everything and when the cabinet meeting was over, I carefully collected every uneaten biscuit to store in a tin and save for next time. But I had to hurry, in order to get to them before the mice and the occasional rat would invade the cabinet table as soon as the last minister had left."

AS THE DAYS passed, the business of running a government became a routine, and Mrs. Balshann was able to turn her attention to the other facet of her job in the new Civil Service — that of hostess for the Prime Minister, and the catering for VIP guests that it entailed.

"The first guest we expected was Dr. Ralph Bunche and his entourage of U.N. personnel. He was to be received for breakfast in Mr. Ben-Gurion's office. But except for some tea glasses and tin spoons, I had no other equip-

ment. So I decided that the only thing to do was to bring my own cutlery and crockery." Mrs. Balshann packed all the tableware and table linen she possessed into baskets and brought them to the Kirya. "Fearing, justifiably, I believe, that they might well get lost in the bureaucracy of the new government machine, I carried them back home again after every state function," she recalled with a smile. And there were quite a few after that first memorable visit.

In the autumn of 1948, she had to arrange a tea party in the "Foreign Office" for Count Bernadotte, the U.N.-appointed Swedish mediator subsequently murdered by extremists. Israel's first Foreign Minister, Moshe Sharett, was particularly anxious to receive the Count as festively as possible.

"So I polished all my silver till it gleamed, and used the best damask tablecloth I possessed."

Meanwhile the newly-appointed Chief of Protocol had made his way from besieged Jerusalem to the seat of government in the Kirya and together they were able to solve the many problems of Mrs. Balshann's steadily growing task. On August 11, 1948, they had to arrange for the first presentation of credentials by an Ambassador, the American envoy, James Macdonald, followed exact-

ly a week later by that of the Soviet Ambassador, Pavel Yershov. Both envoys and their staffs had taken rooms in the old Gat Rimon Hotel. Though at that time it was "the" hotel in Tel Aviv, it was not ready for such august visitors. Two flagpoles had to be installed at its entrance, from which the American and Soviet flags soon fluttered, like good neighbours, in the warm August air, which perhaps slightly thawed the temperature of the cold war between the two great powers, then at its coldest.

"We started working hard to prepare the Kirya for the momentous occasions. The garden in front of the Premier's office was desolate, with not a spot of green except for the few old trees. So we ordered a garden from a Tel Aviv nursery. Two horse-drawn carts brought saplings and plants in their rusty tin cans, and we planted them, tins and all. We managed to put up a lovely green corridor from the entrance to the front door. The day after the second ceremony, we dug it all up again and sent it back to the nursery."

The next month, September, saw the first official visit of the newly-elected President, Chaim Weizmann to the Kirya.

"We were allotted a two-storey house for 'Beit Hanasi,' and I did all I could to make it look as I thought was suitable for a President's residence. Dr. Weizmann expressed his satisfaction with everything, but Mrs. Weizmann took one look at the rubber plant I had placed in an empty corner, to make up for the lack of furnishings, described it scathingly as 'suburban' and ordered its instant removal."

In January, 1949, Mr. Sharett entrusted her with the arrangements for the first official Independence Day reception in May. He asked her to accept full responsibility for the party, to be held at the Premier's residence, with 1,000 to 1,500 guests to be invited. The final list came to 2,000. Two culinary experts were detailed to work for her, but they soon found that almost everything they would need was in short supply.

"We were unable to obtain coffee, cocoa, nuts. The pastrycook, who for years had baked nothing but plain cakes, had long forgotten the finesses of his art."

"The term *petite four* did not yet exist in the Israeli dictionary. So I wrote to an old friend in Switzerland, who mobilised the famous Konditorei Spielmann in Basle. They sent me a selection of *petite four*s and after much trial and error, using the sparse supplies then available, our pastrycook managed to prepare enough for all the guests in the kitchen of Cafe Rowal, which was then still a very small place."

The reception was to be a Garden Party but of course there was no garden.

"We overcame that problem too. With expert advice we sowed fast-growing wheat, and come Independence Day, the dunams of desert outside the Premier's office looked like a lush lawn. But it only looked walking on it, the delicate wheat stalks were soon trampled to an unrecognisable mess. But she smiled triumphantly. "We'd achieved a first impression of a giant lawn."

Ten bathtubs filled with ice served as refrigerators for the drinks, which together, with the sandwiches and the *petite four*s were served by a staff of 90 waiters and waitresses, all friends she recruited for the occasion and dressed up in black and white.

Everybody was satisfied on looking after the Government for some time and then returned to her job with the later went into private business for a few years before retiring. Now, she looks back with great satisfaction to the days when David Ben-Gurion was father of the State and she was its housekeeper.



Nathan Cogan as Corin and Yossi Graber as Touchstone in "As You Like It."

THEATRE/Mendel Kohansky

Idylling awhile

AS YOU LIKE IT by William Shakespeare, Hebrew version by Avraham Oz, at the Cameri, Directed by Peter James, set by Arie Navon, music by Alex Kagan, costumes by Adina Reich.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" is one of Shakespeare's worst and most charming plays. The plot is thin and improbable and, even on its own terms, full of holes, while some of the characterization is poor. In addition, the pivotal device of the plot — Rosalind appearing in man's clothes so that no one, including the man who loves her, will recognize her — has been dealt a mortal blow by visiting director Peter James, who has presented the play in modern costume.

"Disguised" in blue denim and checked cap, his Rosalind looks like any other girl you can see in the street. But never mind the plot, which is unimportant in most of Shakespeare's plays, serving merely as a peg on which to hang some exquisite poetry. Here, the play speaks with the voice of a dream, a dream of all harbour, of an ideal place where everything is beauty and love ruled by a duke who is all nobility and goodness, and lives with his lords in brotherly companionship, their only problems being those caused by the winter weather.

In the Forest of Arden (Eden) the men even grieve for the deer they have to hunt in order to provide food for their tables;

lovers cavort among the trees; happy shepherds live in perfect harmony with their happy flocks. So much is the place permeated with goodness that even the blackest villains are instantly transmuted by its magic into men of charity, forgive their enemies, undo their evil deeds.

IN THUS presenting Arden, Shakespeare followed a fashionable literary convention established by early Elizabethan writers, who idealized country life, and filled their poems with pretty shepherdesses and handsome shepherds going about their cheerful pursuits in a beautiful landscape adorned by grazing sheep. Being Shakespeare, however, he could not fully go along with anything as shallow and insipid as that and in his inimitable way, mocked what he so masterfully espoused.

Thus, the idyllic love between Orlando and Rosalind has its counterpart in the jester Touchstone's pursuit of Audrey, a homely, stupid country wench who has trouble keeping her legs together in the presence of a romantic hero Orlando, played by Yitzhak Haski, are disappointing.

I mentioned Arie Navon's set. It is simple and witty, and like the play, mocks itself with all that time representing the idyllic forest. Adina Reich's costumes are fine though not quite as imaginative as they might have been even in the literal sense of the word. The Duke is an exile from good intellectual music.

his own domain, which has been usurped by his villainous brother Frederick. In Peter James' modern-dress production, Frederick, played by Gideon Shemer — who also doubles as his brother, the good Duke — is made to look like a godfather with his evening dress, dark glasses, fat cigar, and generally sinister manner, surrounded by mistresses and sycophants who tremble at the slightest sign of their boss' displeasure.

The show starts most auspiciously with a pantomimed dinner party — a scene entirely of the director's invention — which introduces us to the terror-ridden atmosphere of Frederick's court. The director has also invented a scene which carries us over from the dark world of the court to the sunny ambience of Arden. As the scenery changes under the eyes of the audience, with actors and stage hands replacing court furniture with beautiful strips of multicoloured tinsel representing the forest, a sign descends from the battens stating, "There are no miracles in the theatre; if you want a better world, you have to work for it." Which is a perfectly valid statement, except that it is not borne out by the action which follows: The people in the forest live happy, peaceful lives without having to over-exert themselves.

PETER JAMES' production is altogether a great deal of fun. The rickety plot is treated with the lack of seriousness it deserves. The accent is on the humour and the poetry, which is well served by Avraham Oz's fluent, with-it translation. The action naturally centres in the person of Rosalind, one of the greatest female parts ever written for the stage, an ideal of beautiful young womanhood.

Tiky Dayan, a performer who has until now been chiefly known as an enterprising comedienne at first seems miscast when she appears in the court scene; she looks uncomfortable in her long, clinging dress, walks with unbecoming rapid strides, and speaks with a rasping sabra accent. However, once she dons the disguise and assumes a masculine manner, she starts exuding boyish charm and the show is hers; the audience eats up every word she utters, every gesture she makes. She is far from the Rosalind we know from the stage, but she is an enchantingly clumsy, impudent, sophisticated and witty, comboyish, yet very feminine Rosalind. Tiky Dayan, in this role, is a most daring and imaginative bit of casting.

Rosalind is not the play's only character to assume a novel interpretation here. There is Odeh Teomy as Jacques, suave and handsome looking like a latter-day George Saunders in his immaculate head-to-toe whites, smoking a cigarette in a long holder, a worldly-wise cynic and wit, having much fun as he punctures the prevailing euphoria.

The director has lavished much care on many other characters. Thus Touchstone, played with much bravado by Yossi Graber in much scout's uniform, which goes so well with his bald head, is great fun as Arie Navon's Audrey, the country wench, and Corin, the simple but not-as-stupid-as-he-looks shepherd, played by Nathan Cogan. On the other hand, some of the major parts, like the exiled Duke, colourfully played by Gideon Shemer, Gepona, the play's most important, the romantic hero Orlando, played by Yitzhak Haski, are disappointing.

It is simple and witty, and like the play, mocks itself with all that time representing the idyllic forest. Adina Reich's costumes are fine though not quite as imaginative as they might have been even in the literal sense of the word. The Duke is an exile from good intellectual music.

IT OCCURS TO ME/Hadassah Bat Haim

Thoughts in the queue

ONE OF THE immediate effects of the war is the increased number and size of queues. It would be reasonable to assume that with so many away, there would be fewer people to stand in line but the contrary seems to be true and the lines get longer and longer.

The largest crowd is at the bank, where a great mob of citizens has assembled, suddenly determined to settle their financial affairs without delay, so that the normally sedate atmosphere of the bank is replaced by an image very different from the one we are used to. It is true that there are only two tellers at work, but there are never more than two of them, available at our bank. The others, though in full view, generally sit impregnable behind "closed" notices, involved in complicated calculations that cannot be interrupted, or phoning to distant colleagues about the credit of dubious clients. After a swift glance at the seething mass, I decide to trade on my good name for the time being.

There are other large congregations at every office that is rumoured to need volunteers. When we can get near the bearded officials we are firmly rejected as drivers, washer-uppers, bandage rollers and canteen hands.

OUR PARLOUR border, disgraced at being excluded, for the first time since its foundation, from his country's defence, hovers near the phone, hoping someone will remember that apart from generals and brigadiers being brought back to give a hand, there are also quite a few ex-

corporals ready to come out of retirement and pitch in where needed. He is uneasy because his daughter is now an active member of the armed forces, while he hangs around waiting for news. He considers this reversal of roles very unbecoming.

I AM DIRECTED to stay at home quietly and wait till called. In other circumstances, I would be inclined to take umbrage at this advice. I am not the type to start rioting or to mount a noisy demonstration to get my own way, and I rather object to the implication that I might. However, making allowances for crisis nerves, I thank them politely and go home. Quietly!

The post office is overrun with eager high-school pupils. It is said that in Jerusalem, ninth graders are sorting mail. They evidently have some sort of pull. Probably an uncle in the Knesset. The telegram counter is jammed with people writing to their families abroad. The message, though varied as to language, is identical in content. "We are staying. Don't worry. Love."

By the lucky chance of knowing someone who knows someone, my daughter and I get onto a short list for blood donors. We have to promise to keep our contact a secret, for fear of precipitating a rush. We are warned that we are far down on the list, so we must not expect to be needed for some time.

Rather miffed, we retreat to Jerusalem, where at least we can do a bit of baby-sitting and bottle-washing. At times like these, grandmas and aunts come into their own. There is no competition for changing diapers.

TORA AND FLORA/L. I. Rabinowitz

Scriptum and responsa

"QUESTIONS WERE addressed to him from all parts of the world." That sentence recurs with monotonous regularity in the biographical articles on the great halakhe authorities in Jewish history; and the questions, and their answers, have given rise to that unique genre of halakhe literature which in Hebrew is called *shvusot* and in English by the Latin equivalent, *responsa*.

These answers to questions on halakhe, given by rabbis throughout the ages, correspond to some extent to what is known in English legal system as case law.

Alas, I cannot lay claim to be one of those recognized world authorities, and never did I imagine that I would be in a position to be the writer of *responsa*. The fact is, however, that the severely limited sphere to which this column has been devoted for the past ten years, there has hardly been an article that has not produced a letter from a reader, and in some cases a veritable spate of communications.

The fact that the column is reproduced in *The Jerusalem Post Weekly* has given it a worldwide circulation. Letters and queries have come not only from Israel

but from almost every country in the American continent, from Spain from Germany, from Scandinavia, from Australia and the land. South Africa. Australia and India have added their quota. They have come from scholars and laymen, from Jews and non-Jews, from Biblical students and nature lovers.

AS I HAVE SAID in a previous article, I could apply to those correspondents the well-known statement of the Talmud, "Much have I learned from reading more from observation, but most of all from my readers." Some have put me right where I was wrong; many have widened my horizons and led me to undertake fruitful research; others, I hope I have been able to help.

I have made a point of answering each and every one of these letters — except where the writers have failed to give their address — and in addition, I have carefully filed the whole correspondence. As a result, I intend this year to make this column largely a feature which were it to be published in book form, would qualify for the title "Responsa Tora and Flora."

THE TELEVISION teams have got into a splendid stride, after the faltering steps they took during the first week of the war. No doubt the fault then was not theirs, but the Army's, which used every bureaucratic device possible to keep us from getting reports hot from the battlefields, instead of our being forced to rely on stale hand-outs from the military spokesman.

It is tragic indeed that one of the effects of this letting the media people do their job properly is that Rafi Unger was killed, and Rafi Kornfeld, working for N.B.C., was wounded. Giving the people the kind of real television that modern life requires is a dangerous occupation.

Pride of place among the many memorable reports from the fronts must go to Mordechai Kirshenbaum's interview with desperately tired tankmen waiting for a new tank. This particular programme rang like a bugle with suppressed emotion, genuine thought and real insights into what makes Israel tick. The bearded boy, half asleep, explaining what it was all about, was worth a thousand heroic orations.

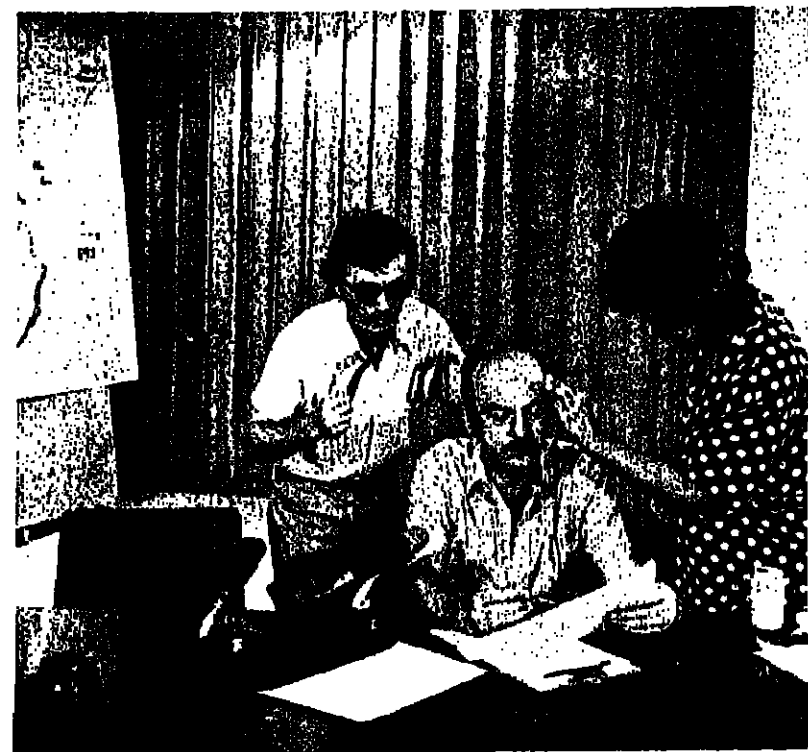
The Navy has had a wonderful record in this war. Amir Shavit took us on a terrifying trip with a missile boat, during which the sky was full of bullets of fire all apparently aimed at our boat, somehow these were evaded, and the enemy boats sunk. Later Amos Arbel helped us to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of a young sailor, with dolphins playfully escorting the boat on its way home.

Micha Limor, Ron Ben Ishay, Haim Gil and all the others, except one, did remarkable work recording the war and interpreting the fighting men: cameramen produced some remarkable shots of the faces of the young men who are defending the country against destruction by the Soviet imperialists on the march, with their deluded Arab clients fighting for them.

The exception to my paean of praise is, of course, Dan Shilon, whose interview with a captured Egyptian pilot was criticized in the middle of the week by my colleague Helga Dudman as being calculated to undermine morale on the home front. I could not agree with her more. It should be kept and used in television

TELEVISION/Philip Gillon

A dangerous occupation



Yair Aloni prepares for broadcast.

courses as a model of how not to interview an enemy P.O.W. Shilon's juvenile jingling is hard enough to take during basketball matches, but then it is at least amusing in its way: when he carries on during a war like a Kipling pukka sahib dealing with fuzzy-wuzzles he makes us ashamed of him, ourselves and our country. Fortunately, the Egyptian pilot disposed of him with the withering contempt he deserved. A complete contrast was provided on Arab television by the Egyptian interviewer who talked with courtesy and consideration with a captured Israeli tank commander.

Apart from the reports from the battlefields, we have been given great service by the other members of the TV team. Yair Aloni has been an authoritative

and careful commentator, fluent and incisive. Arye Orgad, Sari Raz, and Daniel Pe'er have developed into fine newscasters.

THE TEAMS providing us with interpretations under the guidance of Eli Nissan and Tuvia Saar have done much to keep us abreast of what they think is happening in the military and political spheres, although they have tended to be over-optimistic in their analyses. This has been a good thing, as we could hardly have taken gloomy forecasts on top of our other problems.

Haim Herzog has once again been a tower of strength, his British calm and Irish accent giving solidity and charm to his performances. He has never exaggerated our successes or spoken contemptuously about our oppo-

nents: he has never appeared to be a propagandist as well as an expert. It is no easy task to come so often on the air each day with expert pronouncements about events that are often unchanging, according to the military spokesman, but Herzog has managed to do so.

Aluf Meir Amit was more down to earth in his bearing, but equally lucid, and we miss his comments, now that he has been summoned to add his wisdom to the councils of the Staff.

Professor Shlomo Shamir has interpreted the subtleties of the Arab thinking in a series of penetrating analyses that I hope were heard by the enemy. He does tend — thank heaven — to be invariably optimistic, and so far his optimism has been partially justified. Thus he did not expect Jordan to enter the war, and on the whole, she has not.

There has been a bad technical flaw in the programmes coming from the improvised studio in Tel Aviv: I gather that there was no air-conditioning, and that sitting under the arc lamps was well-nigh insufferable. Moshe Dayan suffered in particular from this: he sweated profusely when interviewed by Eli Nissan. As he had so many hard questions to answer, the perspiration gave an impression that he was finding the going impossibly hard.

GOLDA was in great form when she met the foreign press last Saturday night when she did so much to undo the effects of General Yari's unfortunate appearance last week. Perhaps he did not realize how drawn and shattered he looked: coming after the excessive optimism of Dayan and Elazar during the early days of the war, he frightened us out of a year's growth. It is highly questionable whether a statement of major setbacks should have been entrusted to any officer other than the Chief of Staff: in fact the real person to tell us that there was trouble should have been the Premier, or a Churchill in England during World War II.

Anyway, on Saturday night she was in great form, our indomitable Mother Courage at her best, intelligent, rational, determined, mordant. Her scathing comments on perfidious Arabion and treacherous Gaul

plensed us immensely: they may not get us spare parts for our Centurions, or stop the Libyans giving planes to the Egyptians, but it was a pleasure to hear the urbane hypocrites denounced in such clear terms.

After this virtuoso performance, her speech at the Knesset was rather an anticlimax. She had nothing much to add to what she had already told us during the press conference. The debate lacked high moments, because everyone was at great pains to emphasise that, in the light of the crisis, they were leaving the great questions unasked until after the war is over and won.

I noticed that many of the Knesset seats emptied as the speeches went on and on. Well, we can also play at that game: I switched the sound off when ever a speaker took the rostrum whose opinions I do not share, lest the purity of my prejudices should be contaminated by anything he might say. No doubt the Knesset Members think the same way.

ANWAR SADAT was extremely cocky when he spoke to the Egyptians, and he was entitled to be so, although there must be an old Arab adage that he laughs loudest who laughs last. In the light of his five point programme — irrespective of whether this is merely an amplification of a one-point programme to destroy Israel — perhaps the time has come for us to produce publicly our war aims, over and above the destruction of the enemy, the restoration of the pre-Yom Kippur lines, plus our willingness to sit unconditionally at a peace conference?

One last word: we should all beware of over-interpreting public utterances and news. We tend to think that all these statements are aimed at us as individuals. In this part of the world the war is often a Distorting Mirror and a great deal of misinformation is obviously intended for the enemy. Thus Hussein had to keep out of committing himself fully to the War. In the process of misinforming our foes, our own spirits may go up and down as if we were riding on a switchback railway, but no permanent damage is done — we recover.

TOO BAD we were not all children when the First Channel went on a war basis. (I think it was the First Channel — at that moment, it was hard to keep straight even what day it was.) The "Mother and Child" early afternoon programme has a series of stories about Nissim and Rahamin, two little boys in Shekhna Bet (or Gimmel?) and the episode about what happened on the first night of the blackout struck just the right balance, I thought, between seriousness and childish adventure.

All the fathers suddenly left and none of the mothers could find flashlights or hammers or fix the shutters. Poor Nissim (or Rahamin?) stumbled around in the dark trying to be helpful, and knocked over "the vase we bought in Hebron."

"Help! Help! I'm covered with blood!" he shouted. When Mrs. Somebody arrived from next door with a flashlight, the blood turned out to be water.

These stories are usually read, very charmingly, by Yossi Bana, but he is now off entertaining the olders boys and an actress filled in very well on the proscenium. After the story, the audience was told: "Now, children, remember that you must carefully obey all instructions during blackouts and alarms and do exactly as you are told." The grown-up presence sounded very self-assured, as though we adults knew what it was all about, and as though the streets of Tel Aviv were not still then twinkling fairly merrily, with the Reading

RADIO/Helga Dudman

Twitch of the dial

power station ablaze in all its glory and with presumably adult motorists keeping their headlights and their speed at full peacetime rates.

It was, in other words, a time when the Generation Gap had a positive usefulness.

AS PROFESSORS and other commentators re-appeared in broadcasting studios Monday evening, the radio channels re-grouped themselves for a more static — if that is the word — line of performance. In the ten preceding days, transistors had formed the crucial point of our lives: who would have thought that this gadget, not long ago relegated to teen-age pop fans and insomniacs, would once again so nobly emerge?

Most radio reporters performed beautifully — there were over 40 with the Army. I am especially full of admiration for Dan Patir, among the other "anchor men" back in the studio whose delivery was both unflappable and human. He never seemed to sleep, and never slipped on his frequent simultaneous translations of press conferences in English.

The situation is still far from normal. The absence of advertise-

ments makes us seem, somehow, finer, nobler and more intelligent, and foreign language broadcasts pop up all over the place, on unaccustomed wave lengths.

And not only ours. Either the reception on even a feeble transistor is especially good these days (I think it may be the Suctot moon), or else local ears are extremely anxious, but our kilocycles embrace a positively mind boggling array of languages and points of view, as the anxious Israeli listener switches, between news broadcasts, from Ravel and Mozart on the First Channel to Hebrew songs on the Second to messages to and from soldiers on Zahal.

Our Russians or thairs, for instance? Our Arabs or thairs? Or BBC Arabs? Or Cairo in French? This is not hard to figure out, because Cairo's record library has not changed much since the last war, and still swings wildly between "La Poupée Valente" by Cesar Cui and slow marches with bongo drums.

WHAT EVER happened to Marshall McLuhan, if it comes to that? Weren't we supposed to be a peaceful electronic "global village" by now? Instead, the mer-

est twitch of the dial gets you what might be Finnish, or Ladino, or a fango from Damascus, or Georgian, or Rumanian, or a Yiddish account of the Iraqi presence.

Our own English broadcasts must be exceptionally exposed, because of the foreign correspondents here. Perhaps I am too fussy, or perhaps I expect too much, but the interview with the girl civilian from Holon who turned up on the Syrian front, past the cease-fire line, in the midst of shooting to pass out goodies to the soldiers, seemed to me bereft of sense.

Question: "And what will your boy-friend think, a pretty girl like you alone among all these Israeli soldiers?"

Rather stupefyingly, Miss Holon answered, "Oh, he trusts me completely," instead of some more fitting gesture, such as stuffing several wrapped chocolate bars into the correspondent's mouth.

THIS WAR is not to generate songs. June 1967 produced an immediate crop. Some stayed around as hits, and even the earliest were playable, although — as Ephraim Kishon pointed out soon after — they were often along the lines of "We Have Returned to Thee, Oh Bir Gafgafa." This time, a few early attempts were heard, and will probably not be heard again.

The unexpected drain on serviceable songs — the more mature, grey-haired ones which have seen duty in previous wars, brought back old friends. "The

Whole World is Against Us" turned up days later than might have been anticipated, and who would have expected "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" during this particular Succot? I happen to have an abnormal capacity for Hebrew songs and classical music, which makes it easy to accept the degree to which radio — as distinguished from television — has turned itself inside out to concentrate on the war.

"DAF LA-LOHAMIM" (Bulletin of the Troops) has been discontinued, unless I have just been lucky enough to miss it. And a good thing, since all home front listeners I know found it sentimental, bombastic, and empty. I tried hard to give the Army public relations warriors the benefit of the doubt: perhaps combat troops welcomed the tone? But I gather they did not, and this error in judgement has now been corrected with the substitution of Uri, speaking on behalf of Field Security.

"Keep your mouths shut," is his message. May the home front take note as well. Rumours, de-rumours, and re-rumours crowd the airwaves to such an extent that it is amazing we get any radio reception at all.

Sometimes the low-flying planes over Tel Aviv coincide exactly with news reports, or drown out the sound effects of artillery taped from battlefield reports. In a way, they are the best news we have. Avocados on the outgoing ones; incoming, ammunition.

Tel Aviv Cinemas

(commencing Saturday, Oct. 20, at 7.15 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.)
Weekdays at 4.30, 7.15, 9.30 p.m.
See times of performance of individual cinemas

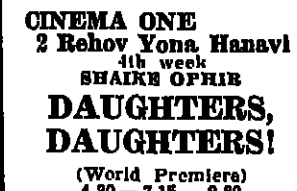
ALLENBY Tel. 57820
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Please be on time
3rd week



THE JACKAL
Based on the book by
Frederick Forsyth
BEN YERUDA
Tel. 228409
5th week

THE GLASS HOUSE
Based on the Novel
by Truman Capote
Adults only

CINEMA ONE
2 Rehov Yona Hanavi
4th week
SHAIKE OPHIR
DAUGHTERS,
DAUGHTERS!
(World Premiere)
4.30 - 7.15 - 9.30



Directed by:
Sam Peckinpah
National General Films
Distribution: Noah Films
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

LEMON Tel. 260778
30 Rehov Ibn Gvirol
8th week
DUSTIN HOFFMAN
Alfredo Alfredo
Till Divorce
Do Us Part
Directed by: Pietro Germi
Starring
STEFANIA SANDRELLI
In English
As-Film in colour

CHEN Tel. 262286
8th week
DIANA ROSS
LADY SINGS
THE BLUES
Adults only
No invitations or reductions
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

DEBEL Tel. 414114/5
6th week
FRIGHT
SUSAN GEORGE
7.15 - 9.30

EDEN Tel. 57450
4th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
RAJ KAPOOR
ANVIT KAPOOR
KAL AAK KAL

ESTER Tel. 185510
8th week
BRUCE LEE
JOHN SAKON
In an extraordinary film
Enter the Dragon
Cinemascope - Colour
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT Tel. 267588
8th week
PETER N' TILLIE
WALTER MATTHAU
CAROL BURNETT
Adults only

DRIVE-IN CINEMA
Tel. 777177

CLOSED

GORDON Tel. 244578
22nd week
LE GRAND
BLOND
AVEO UNE
CHAUSSEURE
NOIRE
YVES ROBERT
PIERRE RICHARD
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

HOD Tel. 236226
7th week
★ STEVE McQUEEN
★ ALI McGRAW

MOGRABI Tel. 68881
7th week
What Do You Say
To A
Naked Lady?
Adults only
Sat. 7.45, 9.30
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORDAN
61 Rehov Hayarkon
3rd week
7.45, 9.30
Weekdays: 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Film by
Francoise Truffaut
LA NUIT
AMERICAINNE
JACQUELINE BISSET
VALENTINA CORTESE

ONLY Tel. 234086
11th week
OLAKE GABLE
VIVIAN LEIGH
GONE WITH
THE WIND
Sat. 8.00 p.m.
Weekdays: 4.00 p.m., 8.00 p.m.

PEER Tel. 445795
4th week
4.30 - 7.15 - 9.30

MAXIM Tel. 267457
3rd week
A karate film
DEVIL AND
ANGEL
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

OFFER Tel. 619911
5th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

BRUCE LEE
THE BIG BOSS
COURT SCOP

AL PACINO
SCARECROW
PANAVISION TECHNOCOLOR
Celebrating Warner Bros 50th Anniversary
A Warner Communications Company

6th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

6th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

Jerusalem Cinemas

(commencing Saturday, Oct. 20, at 7.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.)
Weekdays: 4.00

ARNON Tel. 224829
3rd week
Love Is A
Splendid Illusion

CHEN Tel. 222955
3rd week
BEIRUT
INCIDENT

EDEN Tel. 228849
3rd week
The Day Of
The Jackal
EDWARD FOX

EDISON Tel. 224058
3rd week
An action Karate film
IRONMAN

ORNA Tel. 224788
5th week
EVAN O'NEIL
JACQUELINE BISSET
The Thief Who
Came To Dinner

HABIRAH Tel. 225566
3rd week
WALT DISNEY'S
Bedknobs And
Broomsticks

MOGRABI Tel. 68881
7th week
What Do You Say
To A
Naked Lady?
Adults only
Sat. 7.45, 9.30
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORDAN
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3rd week
7.45, 9.30
Weekdays: 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
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Haifa Cinemas

(commencing Saturday, Oct. 20, at 7.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.)
Daily at 7.00 and 9.00 p.m. — Matinee at 4.00 p.m.

AMPHITHEATRE
Tel. 664018
3rd week
The daring Israeli film
JACQUOT AND
THE GIRLS
OSHER LEVI
NINETTE DINAS
In colour, for adults

ORON Tel. 222914
5th week
GENE HACKMAN
ERNEST BORGNINE
In the greatest gripping
drama
The Poseidon
Adventure

BON Tel. 234704
4th week
World Premiere
SHAIKE OPHIR
YOSSEF SHILOAN
DAUGHTERS,
DAUGHTERS

SEMDAR Tel. 23742
3rd week
MARLON BRANDO
LAST TANGO
IN PARIS

PARIS Tel. 236805
5th week
The Strangler Of
Rillington Place
The true story of murderer
Christie
RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH
JUDY GEESON
Adults only
A Columbia Film

BAMAT AVIV Tel. 418761
3rd week
7.15, 9.30
YEHOHAN GAO
In Moshe Gao's musical
KAZABLAN
In colour
also Tues. at 4.30 p.m.

STUDIO Tel. 65817
3rd week
World Premiere
Sat. 7.45 - 9.45
Hebrew-Kay-Israelim
proudly presents
BEN-GURION REMEMBERS!
A HEBREW-KAY-ISRAELIM PRODUCTION
TOBIAS TEL. 448960
6th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
Play It Again,
Sam
WOODY ALLEN
TEL AVIV TEL. 281181
4th week
3 breathtaking days of
tension in Los Angeles
THE OUTSIDE
MAN
JEAN-LOUIS
TRINGANT
ANN MARGARET
ANGIE DIKENS
Adults only
Sat. 7.15
Weekday 4.30 7.15

ZAFON Tel. 445055
7th week
SHAIKE OPHIR
YOSSEF SHILOAN
DAUGHTERS,
DAUGHTERS!

8th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

9th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

10th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

11th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

12th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

13th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

14th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

15th week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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